

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

166

Stuart Martin asks for your verdict

## WHO POISONED HER DRUG

Unsolved  
Crimes

## ADDICT HUSBAND?

A bunch  
of  
messages  
and this  
picture  
from  
home  
for  
STOKER  
JIM  
SMITH



A BUNCH of messages for you to-day, Stoker Jim Smith!

First, from 135 London Road, Cowplain, comes news that your mother and all your brothers and sisters are well. A letter from Harry, in India, says he's having a good time, and he sends best wishes to you. From the Co-op, come numerous greetings and good wishes, and from the place with swinging doors, just down the road, similar wishes for you are radiated.

Now—over to 291 White Hart Lane, Portchester, and you have your wife Joan, and very attractive two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Carole, sending all their love.

Carole's blonde locks are getting curly now, and she takes a great feminine pride in them. Just before we visited them the family had

her over to Cosham to visit your aunt. Carole climbed aboard a tricycle there, and has since decided she would like one herself. So, Jim, it looks as if a tricycle will have to go on the priority list. Bim, the dog, is as noisy as ever. Does he ever stop barking?

The tomatoes you planted in the garden are doing fine, and already the family have picked several pounds.

Back to Carole again, and we have more news that will please you. Carole is starting dancing lessons soon, and already shows great enthusiasm whenever the radio is switched on. Your wife's folk are pretty well.

The message your wife sends—which, by the way, also comes from everyone else at home—is, "Fondest love and kisses, and God bless you."

## WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE SUN EXPLODES

By RUSSELL SINCLAIR

NOT very long ago astronomers in Europe, and especially those of the Hamburg and Erturt observatories before the R.A.F. blitz, saw one of the biggest explosions that ever took place in time or space.

A mighty sun in the Milky Way had burst in a terrific flash of brilliance that affected space for millions of miles.

The energy thus released is believed to have thrown several stars out of their ordinary paths; and it was calculated that the reason we on earth did not get blasted was the distance of this sun from our world.

Light travels at 186,000 miles a second. It took millions of years for this explosion to be seen by our astronomers.

The event actually took place when Man was hardly emerging from the elementary stages of his primeval mud.

Now, this has set calculators a great problem. It really is two problems in one. The first is: Will our sun explode in like manner? And the second

is: If so, when will the explosion take place?

Both problems have now been solved. The answer to the first is—Yes!

All suns explode in time. All stars blow up at least once during their lifetime. Somewhere about three billion years ago a star hurtled close to our sun, and, by its gravitational pull, caused the sun to throw off huge fragments into space. These "fragments" became planets, or stars.

Basing their arguments on this, the acutest astronomers believe that our solar system has what insurance people call an "expectation of life" of about 12,000,000,000 years, which is twelve billion.

So that somewhere within the next nine billion years our sun will blow up, and things will be different ever after.

That is the reply to the two questions stated above. Careful calculations have shown that our sun is 93,005,000 miles away from the earth—which is

about 65,000 miles farther than was previously calculated.

The figure allows for a margin of error of only 9,000 miles either way. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of this fact.

Dr. H. Spencer Jones, Astronomer Royal, has said that this margin of error corresponds to the apparent breadth of a human hair at ten miles, or a halfpenny at over 3,000 miles' distance.

Yet the sun is really our next-door neighbour in space. The nearest star is 300,000 times farther away outside our solar system.

The sun is a million times bigger than the earth and has a diameter of 864,000 miles, and weighs 332,000 times more than our world. But the sun is actually a dwarf compared with other stars. And it is getting smaller every second, because of the break-up of its atoms. The heat on its surface is about 6,000,000 degrees.

We have only nine billion years at most before the catastrophe. So watch out!

IT has been described as the "most miserable legal muddle that ever blemished an English court of justice."

I could mention others that were just about as muddled; but the Maybrick case was pretty bad.

In August, 1889, Mrs. Maybrick, wife of a Liverpool cotton broker, was condemned to death for the murder of her husband by poison.

Standing in the dock, she said solemnly: "I am innocent." She had kept saying this. She said it to the end. If she was guilty, she was also a liar. If she was not guilty, she was a martyr.

Her maiden name was Florence Elizabeth Chandler, she was a daughter of an American banker. She married James Maybrick when she was 18 and he was 41. They had two children, but it never was a happy marriage.

Nine years after she was married she fell in love with a man named Brierley, and stayed with him three days in London. That was in March, 1889.

### A BLACK EYE.

When she returned from London to Aigburth, where her home was situated, she went with her husband to the Grand National Steeplechase, and there Mr. and Mrs. Maybrick met Brierley. There was some sort of altercation; and when the Maybricks got home James Maybrick gave his wife a black eye.

But wait a moment before you say "Quite right." For most of their married life Mrs. Maybrick had, it seems, had reason to complain of Maybrick's association with other women. Later, his wife claimed that Maybrick knew all about her association with Brierley and had condoned it. Maybe his conduct caused her to turn towards Brierley.

However, their quarrel was patched up when she was on the point of leaving her husband. Soon afterwards—in April, 1889—Maybrick became seriously ill.

On May 11th he died. Three days before that Maybrick's brother, Michael (known to the musical world as Stephen Adams, composer of popular songs) had arrived at the house. He was suspicious. When James Maybrick died, Michael told the doctors his suspicions.

Three doctors made a post-mortem examination, and concluded that James Maybrick had died of inflammation of the stomach due to an irritant poison.

### MURDER!

Mrs. Maybrick was arrested the next day and a coroner's inquiry was opened and adjourned. On June 28th this inquiry was resumed, and again on June 6th, when, on notification of the discovery of arsenic being made known, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of Murder. In the meanwhile Mrs. Maybrick had already been twice interrogated by magistrates, once in her own home. Prejudice ran high against her, especially the prejudice of women.

She tried to get her lawyers to have the trial in London, instead of Liverpool, where she felt she would not be fairly treated. Only after long and anxious thought did her lawyers decide to have the case heard in Liverpool. It was a Lancashire jury that was empanelled. She was placed in the dock at Liverpool Assizes on July 31st.

The prosecuting counsel was Mr. Addison, Q.C. The defence was in the hands of Sir Charles Russell (later Lord Russell, Lord Chief Justice of England).

### FLY-PAPERS.

The Crown took the best part of four days to prove murder. Summarised, the evidence sought to establish that Mrs. Maybrick had introduced poison into her husband's medicine or food.

It was proved that a few days before Maybrick became ill, Mrs. Maybrick had purchased, on two occasions, several dozen fly-papers. On April 24th she was seen by a servant soaking the fly-papers in water. All fly-papers then contained arsenic.

Mrs. Maybrick admitted buying the fly-papers, but said she used the arsenic for a face wash, the prescription of which she had had from an American doctor.

Among the Crown witnesses was Dr. Stevenson, the Home Office expert. He opined that "there was no doubt Maybrick died from the effects of a poisonous dose of arsenic."

Against this, Dr. Tidy, an equally great authority, was quite as positive in the opposite direction. He declared that he "completely negated the suggestion of death from arsenical poisoning."

The defence, indeed, could say plenty about James Maybrick's habits. It was well known among his friends that he was a drug addict. He was habitually dosing himself with strychnine, arsenic, and other drugs which have an aphrodisiac effect. There was opportunity in those days for buying such drugs.

### THE MOTIVE?

The prejudice against Mrs. Maybrick may have been unconscious, but it was there. The judge, in his summing-up, dwelt to some extent on her attachment to Brierley, and put it forth that "if a woman does carry on an adulterous intrigue with another man... it certainly may supply—I won't go farther—a very strong motive why she should wish to get rid of her husband."

It has since been suggested that Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, the judge, was not in full possession of his great legal ability when he presided at that trial. A few years before he had had a stroke of paralysis, and two years later his mind gave way.

The jury took half an hour to consider their verdict. They brought in one of Guilty. Mrs. Maybrick was sentenced to death.

Outside the court a vast crowd had waited to hear the result. When Mr. Justice Stephen passed out to his carriage he was hooted and hissed.

Many people said that Mrs. Maybrick had been punished for her temporary infidelity, and not for murder.

"I am guilty," she admitted in the dock, "of intimacy with Mr. Brierley, but I am not guilty of this crime of which I am charged."

A greater tribunal than Liverpool Assizes took up the case—public opinion. The newspapers expressed their astonishment at the verdict. Petitions rolled in to the Home Office. Protest meetings were held in Liverpool and in London. Members of Parliament and other eminent people joined in the agitation. The revolt swept up to the throne of Queen Victoria.

### REPRIEVED.

Almost on the eve of execution the sentence of death was commuted to one of penal servitude for life.

Mrs. Maybrick served fifteen years in prison, at Woking and Aylesbury, and was released in January, 1904, an old woman. She went straight to America.

Mr. (later Lord) Fletcher-Moulton wrote to a London newspaper after the trial, saying he believed that Maybrick's death "was due to natural causes operating on a system in which a long course of arsenic-taking had developed a predisposition to gastro-enteritis."

In short, Maybrick had used his stomach as a drug cesspool, for not only was arsenic found, but also traces of henbane, morphia, prussic acid, cascara, strychnine, jaborandi and papawi.

### A PETITION.

Three years after Mrs. Maybrick was sent to prison, her London solicitors sent a petition to the Home Secretary (Mr. Asquith), declaring that the verdict was against the weight of evidence; that James Maybrick had died from natural causes; that there was no evidence Mrs. Maybrick had attempted to poison him; and that the medical evidence was in disagreement. But the Home Office remained mute.

There it is: muddle in medical as well as legal arguments. I believe James Maybrick killed himself by his habits. Don't you?





# My son has fled the country

## THE WORST CRIME IN THE WORLD

By G. K. CHESTERTON

WHEN Granby and Father Brown got back to the village from their interview with Sir John Musgrave, the priest surprised the lawyer by saying he intended to remain in the neighbourhood.

"I cannot bring myself to leave like this," said Father Brown gravely. "Your question is answered; it is simply whether your firm can afford to lend money on Captain Musgrave's prospects. But my question isn't answered; it is whether he is a fit husband for my niece, Betty. I must try to discover whether young Musgrave has really done something dreadful, or whether his father is an old lunatic suffering under a delusion."

"But," objected the lawyer, "if you want to find out about him, why don't you go after him? He hardly ever comes to this desolate hole."

"What would be the use of my going after him?" asked the other. "There's no sense in going up to a fashionable man in Bond Street and saying, 'Excuse me, but have you committed a crime too horrible for a human being?' If he's bad enough to do it, he's certainly bad enough to deny it. No, there's only one man that knows, and he may tell me in

some further outburst of dignified eccentricity."

And, in truth, Father Brown did keep near the eccentric baronet, and did actually meet him on more than one occasion, with the utmost politeness on more than one occasion.

For the baronet, in spite of his years, was a very vigorous walker, and could often be seen stumping through the village and along the country lanes.

Only the day after their arrival, Father Brown coming out of the inn on to the cobbled market-place, saw the dark and distinguished figure stride past in the direction of the post office.

He was very quietly dressed in black, but his strong face was even more arresting in the strong sunlight; with his silvery hair, swarthy eyebrows and long chin, he had something of a reminiscence of Henry Irving or some other famous actor.

In spite of his hoary hair, his figure as well as his face suggested strength, and he carried his stick more like a cudgel than a crutch. He saluted the priest and spoke with the same air of coming fearlessly to the point which had marked his revelations yesterday.

"If you are still interested in my son," he said, using the term with icy indifference, "you will not see very much of him. He has just left the country. Between ourselves, I might say fled the country."

"Indeed," said Father Brown with a grave stare.

"Some people I've never heard of have been pestering me—of all people—about his whereabouts," said Sir John, "and I've just come in to send a wire to tell them that, so far as I know, he's living in the Poste Restante, Riga, and even that has been a nuisance."

"I came in yesterday to do it," continued Sir John, "but was five minutes too late for the post office. Are you staying long? I hope you will pay me another visit."

When the priest recounted to the lawyer his little interview with old Musgrave in the village, the lawyer was puzzled. "Why has the Captain bolted?" he asked. "Who are the other people who want him?"

"For the first, I don't know," replied Father Brown. "Possibly his mysterious sin has come to light. I should rather guess that the other people are blackmailing him about it—you remember that horrible woman with yellow hair we saw in the picture gallery."

The next day Father Brown came in rather wearily and threw down his black bundle of

an umbrella with the air of a pilgrim laying down his staff. He had an air of some depression. But it was as so often in his criminal investigations. It was not the depression of success, but the depression of failure.

"It's rather a shock," he said in a dull voice, "but I ought to have guessed it. I ought to have guessed it when I first went in and saw the thing standing there."

"When you saw what?" asked Granby impatiently.

"When I saw there was only

one suit of armour," answered Father Brown.

There was a silence, during which the lawyer only stared at his friend, and then the friend resumed.

"Only the other day, I was going to tell my niece that there are two types of men who can laugh when they are alone. One might almost say that the man who does it is either very good or very bad. You see, he is either confiding the joke to God or confiding it to the devil. There really is a kind of man who confides the joke to the devil. He does not mind if nobody else sees the joke; the joke is enough in itself if it is sufficiently sinister and malignant."

"But what are you talking about?" demanded Granby.

"Whom are you talking about? Which of them, I mean? Who is this person who is having a sinister joke with his Satanic Majesty?"

Father Brown looked across at him with a ghastly smile.

"Ah," he said, "that's the joke."

There was another silence, but this time the silence seemed to be rather full and oppressive than merely empty; it seemed to settle down on them like the twilight that was gradually turning from dusk to dark.

Father Brown went on speaking in a level voice, sitting solidly with his elbows on the table.

"I've been looking up the Musgrave family," he said. "They're a vigorous and long-lived stock, and even in the ordinary way I think you would wait a long time for your money."

"We're quite prepared for that," answered the solicitor, "but, anyhow, it can't last indefinitely. The old man is nearly eighty, although he still walks about, and the people at the inn here laugh and say they don't believe he will ever die."

Father Brown jumped up with one of his rare but rapid movements, but remained with his hands on the table, leaning forward and looking his friend in the face.

"That's it!" he cried in a low but excited voice. "That's the only problem. That's the only real difficulty. How will he die? How on earth is he to die?"

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Granby.

"I mean," said the voice of the priest out of the darkening room, "that I know the crime that Captain Musgrave committed."

"It was really the worst crime in the world," said Father Brown. "At least, many

## QUIZ for today

1. A falchion is a kind of hawk, a sword, a Greek soldier, a purse, a dog?

2. Who wrote (a) "The Way of All Flesh," (b) "The Way of an Eagle"?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Tennis, Football, Quoits, Golf, Croquet, Billiards, Ping-pong?

4. What is a native of Shropshire called?

5. Who said, "And echo answered where?"

6. What is naere?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: "Soi-disant, Risoles, Odus, Mandarin, Isothermal, Hyperbole?"

8. How many mountains are over 20,000 feet high?

9. Who was Jasper Petulengro?

10. Correct, "One crowded hour of gorgeous life." Who wrote it?

11. Wolfe took Quebec in 1659, 1689, 1759, 1789?

12. Complete the pairs: (a) Victoria and —; (b) Gert and —.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 165

1. Flower.  
2. (a) Cowper, (b) Mrs. Mulock.

3. Marten is a kind of weasel; the others are birds.

4. Cantuarian.

5. Browning.

6. 30-35 m.p.h.

7. Rudiment, Hysteria.

8. Illampu, in the Andes, 25,248 feet.

9. Character in "Tristram Shandy."

10. "Forty pounds a year." Goldsmith, in "The Deserted Village."

11. 1450.

12. (a) Polish, (b) Allen.

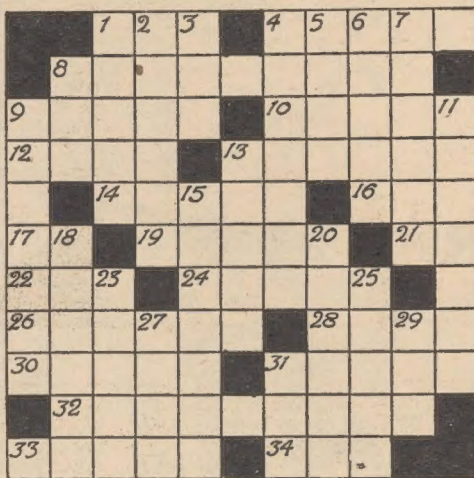
## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Go on, chaps, we'll give you a clue to her identity. It is NOT Garbo, Crawford, Loy, nor is it Shirley Temple. What's that? We're not telling you anything you don't know. Lummy, of course not. Well, guess the darn thing yourselves. Who is it? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 165: Mae West (invitation—"Come up and see me some time").

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Atmospheric vapour. 4 Split. 8 Honour gladly. 9 Of a West Indies Island. 10 Brownish yellow.



12 Race. 13 Fire irons. 14 Tree exudation. 16 Tennis obstruction. 17 By proxy. 19 Dealt sparingly. 21 A word of thanks. 22 Summit. 24 Sports cap. 26 Ran off. 28 Meet firmly. 30 Vertical part of stair. 31 Beginners. 32 Those who peach. 33 Irascible. 34 Ay.

FAILED FEZ  
COBLE RAIL  
ALIKE ANNUL  
DID SAGGED  
DOER COLDER  
I ALONE A  
SALVER SALT  
REIGNS MET  
CRANE ABOVE  
OVEN MINER  
EWE DREDGE

### CLUES DOWN.

1 Prelude. 2 In high spirits. 3 Swelling. 4 Vocalist. 5 Want. 6 Girl's name. 7 Rummage. 8 Hint. 9 Part of book. 11 Landed property. 13 Heaped. 15 In a quiet way. 18 Well-bred. 20 Gorge. 23 Propounds. 25 Wild plants. 27 Skin. 29 Sort of salad plant. 31 Scottish river.

communities and civilisations have accounted it so. It was always from the earliest times marked out in tribe and village for tremendous punishment.

But, anyhow, I know now what young Musgrave really did—and why he did it."

"And what did he do?" asked the lawyer.

"He killed his father," answered the priest.

(To be continued)

From "The Secret of Father Brown."

(By permission of Mrs. G. K. Chesterton.)

## WANGLING WORDS—122

1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after CHP, to make a word.

2.—Rearrange the letters of PEG'S TOES O.K., to make a well-known village in Buckinghamshire.

3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: HANG into OVER, LAMB into BEEF, FLAG into SHIP, WELL into DONE.

4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from TRANSLATION?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 121

1.—REVERE.  
2.—CANTERBURY.

3.—INK, ILK, ILL, ALL, AIL, AID, LID, LOT, POT.

LOAF, LEAF, DEAF, DEAR, DEER, DYER, DYES, EYES, EVES, EVEN, OVEN.

WITCH, WINCH, WENCH, TENCH, TENTH, TENTS, TINTS, TILTS, TILLS, FILLS, FALLS, FAILS, FAIRS, FAIRY, TIGER, TILER, TILES, TIDES, RIDES, RISES, ROSES.

4.—Pole, Sole, Lope, Lose, Play, Yelp, Bole, Lobe, Seal, Able, Leap, Pale, Soap, Peal, Boys, Lays, Bale, Yell, Base, Ball, Pall, Poll, Slap, Pays, etc.

Sable, Spell, Soapy, Slope, Sally, Label, Lysol, Polly, Leaps, Yelps, etc.

And this the burden of his song  
Forever used to be—  
I care for nobody, no, not I,  
If no one cares for me.  
Isaac Bickerstaff's  
"Miller of Dee."

God grants liberty only to those who love it and are always ready to guard and defend it.

Daniel Webster  
(1782-1852).

## ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in CAMSHAFT, not in COG.

My next is in DIARY, not in LOG.

My third is in CONVOY, not in SHIPS.

My fourth is in COVER, not in SLIPS.

My fifth is in TO-MORROW, not TO-DAY.

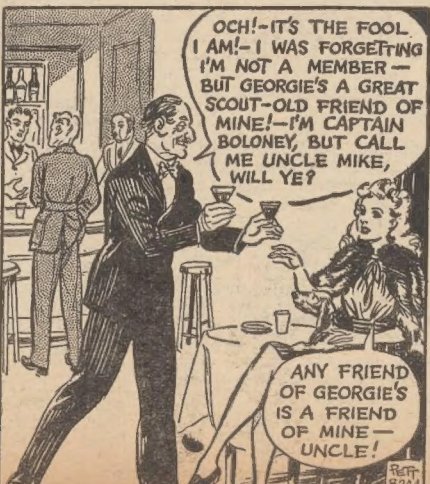
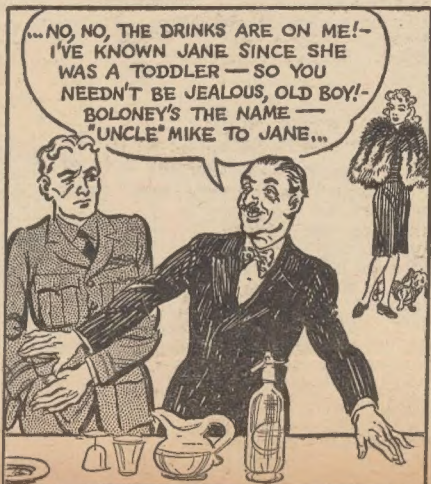
My sixth is in BRICKBAT, not BOUQUET.

(Answer on Page 3)

Solution to Word Ladder in No. 165.

R	O	A	S	T
B	O	A	S	T
B	O	O	S	T
B	O	O	S	E
G	O	O	S	E

## JANE

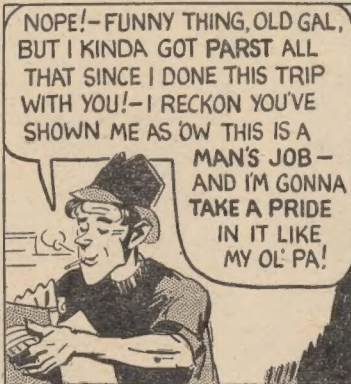




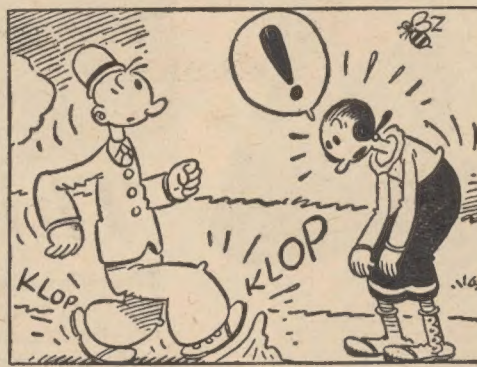
## BEELZEBUB JONES



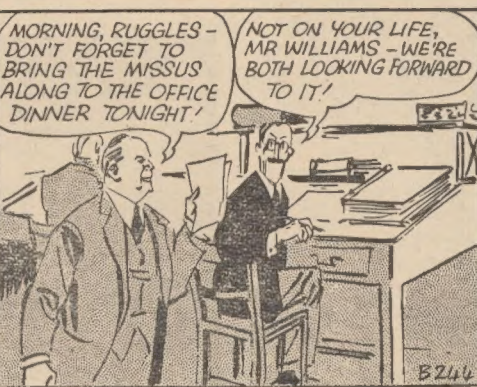
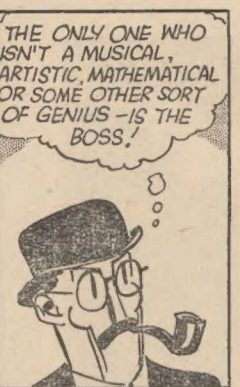
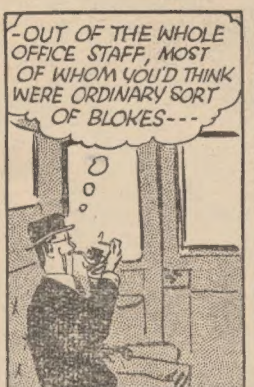
## BELINDA



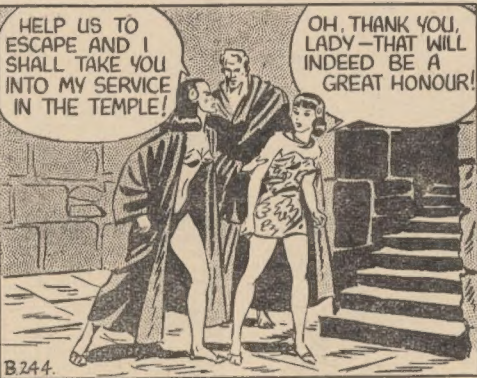
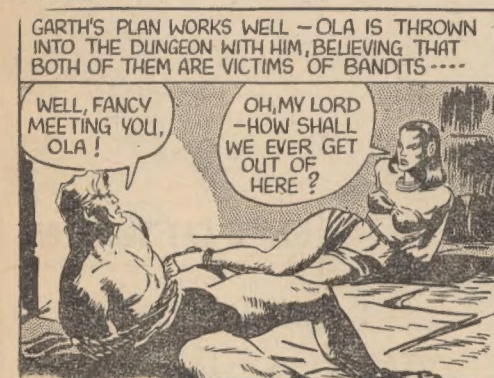
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Be your own Brains Trust

By J. S. NEWCOMBE

- Can you answer "Yes" or "No"?
1. Did Galileo invent the telescope?
  2. And did he prove the rotation of the sun by its means?
  3. Is there such a thing as an aerial telescope?
  4. Was the "achromatic" telescope designed by Sir Isaac Newton?
  5. Does France possess the world's largest telescope?

ONE day in the spring of 1608, Hans Lippershey, a spectacle-maker of Middleburg, in Holland, was holding a spectacle lens in either hand to test their strength and accuracy of vision.

He directed them on to a neighbouring church steeple, and was astonished on looking through the nearer lens to find that the weathercock appeared nearer.

He fitted the lenses in a tube to keep their relative distance, and thus constructed the first telescope—which answers Question 1. Lippershey persuaded the States-General at the Hague to test the instrument and to give him 900 florins for it.

In May of the following year, Galileo heard from friends in Venice how "a Belgian had invented a perspective instrument for making objects appear nearer and larger." He guessed its construction by considering the effects of refraction.

The day after his return to Padua, Galileo made his first telescope by fixing a convex lens in one end of a leaden tube and a concave lens in the other.

He took his telescope to Venice and presented it to the Doge, Leonardo Donato, who was sitting in full council.

So delighted were the Senate that they settled Galileo for life in his lectureship at Padua and doubled his salary.

From that time, he spent all his leisure in improving and perfecting the invention. He conquered the difficulties of grinding and polishing the lenses.

## HE SAW VENUS.

His first telescope magnified three diameters; his last magnified thirty-three diameters. With this big telescope Galileo discovered in 1610 the satellites of Jupiter, and soon afterwards the spots on the sun, the phases of Venus, and the hills and valleys on the moon.

Further, he proved the rotation of the sun on its axis—that's the answer to Question 2—and established the general truth of the Copernican system.

These remarkable achievements, together with the improvement of the telescope under his hands, tended to overshadow the credit due to the original discoverer.

The name of the Galilean telescope was universally adopted for the form of instrument invented by Lippershey.

After Kepler, in the middle of the 17th century, had demonstrated the advantages of the convex eye-piece in place of the concave used by Galileo, the instruments assumed unwieldy sizes.

On December 27, 1722, James Bradley actually measured the diameter of Venus with a telescope the object-glass of which had a focal length of 212½ feet.

No tube was used in these long telescopes, and they were termed "aerial" telescopes, which solves Question 3.

Two important developments followed. In 1666, Sir Isaac Newton constructed a telescope of the "reflecting" type. This is the most generally used type to-day.

The "achromatic" telescope was introduced by Chester Moor Hall and John Dolland (answer to Question 4). Compound lenses are used, which, by the employment of different kinds of glass, bring all colours to practically the same focus, and so avoid what is called "chromatic aberration"—where the objects seen are fringed with certain colours of the spectrum.

## CROSS-EYED LENSES.

Limit to the aperture of an achromatic telescope is set by the difficulty of casting large enough discs of glass.

Even if this were overcome, a point would be reached at which the strain on the lens caused by its own weight would spoil its optical qualities and produce a squint.

The most celebrated freak telescope, shown at the Paris Exposition in 1900, took six years to build. The tube of the telescope was 180 feet long and 59 inches in diameter. It weighed 21 tons.

Nearly all the giant telescopes are to-day in America. The largest telescope in the world, with a mirror of 100 inches diameter, is at the Mount Wilson Observatory, California—which answers Question 5.

Send your—  
Stories, Jokes and Ideas  
to the Editor

Solution to Allied Ports:  
TACOMA.



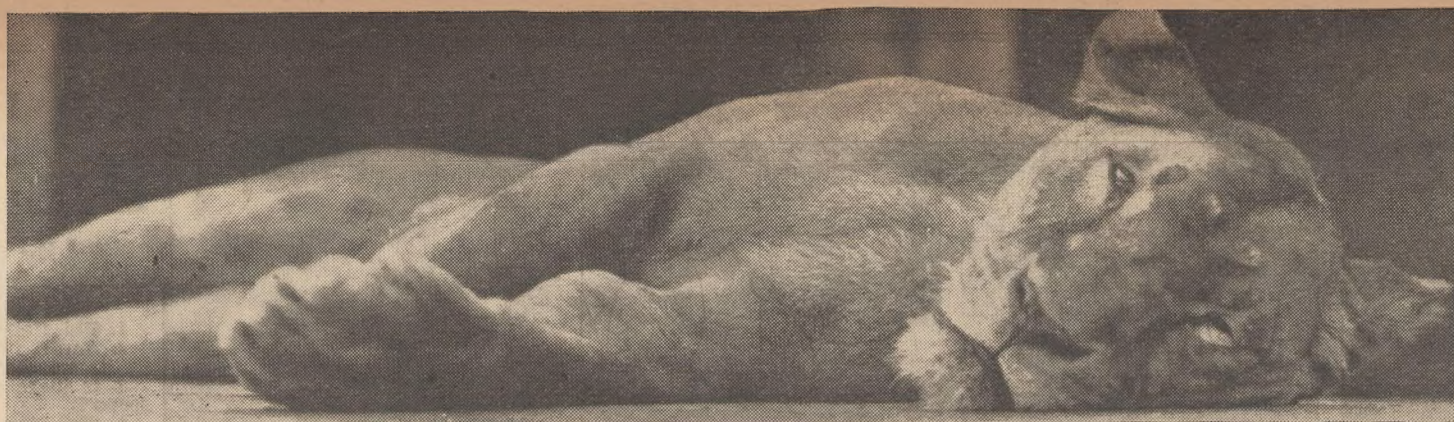
# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## ROAD WORK



Paulette Goddard does some training in preparation for an extensive War Bond selling campaign. And to think we always dodged that blinkin' fatigue.



What we call sleeping with one eye open. In fact, what we wouldn't call sleeping at all, if we had to clean out the cage.



## *This England*

Though he used to do gardening more or less as a hobby, he finds now that it contributes greatly to the family larder.



"Lummy, Mummy; what's cookin'?" "Keep still, my dear. It's just for a picture I'm sending to Poppa, 'down under.'"



"Gosh! There's more coming. What HAVE I done to deserve all this?"

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"If it's cream, I could KISS that child."

